

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Wednesday, March 26, 1919

Vol. II

"No easy hopes will bring us to our goal"

No. 73

Keith's Vaudeville at Red Cross House Tonight

Followed by a Dance—Be There



We don't mean you, Sam!

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STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

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The night is long that never finds a day.

At the outset almost every great undertaking has been regarded by the majority of we mortals as impracticable or illogical. There is an admonitory list of "impracticable" things that have achieved signal and far-reaching success. We are apprehensive about a thing when we cannot explain it fully and logically to ourselves. It might be well for many of us to heed more often our intuition, our natural inclination, instincts, our common sense, or what you please to call faculty. Above all take the initiative, no matter what the other fellow may say, for every great achievement was accomplished 'midst conditions wherein the world voiced the sentiment "It Can't Be Done." They may call you a fool, but you know it is the so-called "fool" that does the next-to-impossible things. Go to it.

Of all the varied soldiers' memorials none is more touching than that planned for the Canadians who died overseas. Poppy seeds are to be sent from Flanders to the Horticultural Society, of St. Thomas, Ontario, which will plant them in memory of those who died

fighting abroad, including Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, author of the famous lines:

*"In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Among the crosses, row on row."*

—N. Y. Tribune.



OLD SONG—"Sticks and stones may rattle my bones, but I'm going to live anyhow until I die.

—o—

THAT ALL IN AND GONE FEELING suffusing the post this A. M. due to the mere handful of survivors, has caused the editors to hum the above noted syncopated philosophy that only our Afro-American brother could have produced.

—o—

WE HAVE BEBOME A METROPOLITAN DAILY, CATERING TO THE OUT-
LYING OR SUBURBAN TRADE.

So, old timers, now elsewhering at the Port and about the country, note well in our current issues that the old order has so changed that Capt. Repp, Capt. Morgan, Lts. Walke and Fegan are acting as officers of the day.

OBSERVE ALSO

That both enlisted men and officers dare do their loafing publicly nowadays.

THAT

Misses Dehnel, McGill, Hydorn, Seneff, Woodward, Brate, Joyce, Frasch, Heddrich, Neitzke, Dietrich, Benedict, Callahan, Cooley, Jones, O'Rourke, Evers, Hallgren, Grant, Stenson left yesterday evening, and take it from this accurate dispenser of news, there were salty tears in several Richmond depots.

AS THOUGH THAT WERE NOT ENOUGH

General Red Cross Johnson has begun disbanding and demobilizing his army. Yesterday Jonesy and Krets took the Overland route for the last time to Camp Lee. (Here's where we think a thunk for someone else in the revenge line. Why not hop on the Officer's baseball team now that nine of it's best players have gone in the person of the bear cat Kretsinger.)

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STILL CATERING TO THE OUTLYING TRADE

We record that Misses Jordon, Judd and Jones (make your own wheeze on the letter), are the only nurses still here officially. Miss Leaf and Miss Connelly are guests of Mrs. Kern at the Red Cross for a few more days.

AND STILL MORE INTO THE OUTER- GONE

As witness: Sgt., 1st Class, Henry F. Camman, Pvt., 1st Class, Roland B. Grom, Pvt., 1st Class, Slade F. Clark, Pvt. Walter C. Spain, who go loaded with horseshoes, for it's going to be put right into their hands. You guessed it—DISCHARGE.

ALSO LUCKY

Are Rundquist, Kohler, Berlucci, Kramer, and Clifton of Officerland.

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED HERE? NAW!!

Because the enlisted men had the very best dance of the winter social season last night in the upper floor of old Ward C. Thanks to the splendid work of Sgt. Bowen, Cpl. Bixler, Cpl. Shankweiler, Pvt., 1st Class, Dunning, and of course, old reliable KaCy Kelly. Every appointment of the affair was delightful, the decorations deserving special praise.

IF ANY OF YOU OUT-OF-TOWNERS

See Buck Private Peters roaming about, tell him to hurry back for his trunk.

HEADS OUT, BUT NEVER DOWN.

Meaning that Cartoonist Dunning, fearing the early discontinuance of "Heads Up", wishes to state that he is the same kind of a married man that Sgt. Hollister says that he (Sgt. Hollister) is. The key to Dunning's intention lies with Hollister. As in politics, as New York goes, so the country, we remark, that as Hollister goes hymenally speaking, so will Dunning have done.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS
Can spend some very profitable time in the library. This place has a charming atmosphere and was perhaps the best conducted effort of its size on the post.

AND BY WAY OF BOUQUETS

Hand a big one to Post Bugler Furno (all enforced Early Risers wish him well on the discharge thing). We hand it to him, for when he worked the old thrill started in nearly every time.

Fortune is not on the side of the faint hearted.

BOWED WITH THE WEIGHT OF A SUN-FISH.

Three of the enlisted men came up the Gentle Slope yesterday, as we say down South, evening, bearing on a long pole from one man's shoulder to another, a sun-fish of about first communion age. The third enlisted man walked behind to the right—sort of outrider, as it were. Good waggery, say we.

Our K. O. is on an official visit to Newport news.

WATCH for another All-Stunt night on Thursday.

RED CROSS.

KEITH COMING BACK WITH MORE—
Wednesday night, as before, promises to be a big headliner night, with vaudeville galore. After the first-class acts are put over, an "ace" dance will take place. Everybody invited! COME ONE, COME ALL! LET'S GO!

The next day is never so good as the day before.

HEADS UP

Two more of our efficient Red Crossers are about to hit the long, long trail, to Camp Lee, Va., namely, Mr. Jones and Mr. Kret-singer. All we can say is the post showers them with best wishes and good luck, as their excellent companionship and good fellowship was deeply appreciated by all. Au Revoir! Adieux!



The Medical Department of the army will co-operate with the Director of Storage in the prevention of fires at hospitals. The department has requested the Fire and Accident Branch to make an inspection of the existing fire prevention organization and equipment at military hospitals, and commanding officers of hospitals have been directed to afford these inspectors every facility for making inspections, and to co-operate in every way in correcting any defects that may be discovered.



It is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in misery.



Sgts. Moore and Leighton have exhausted Pvt. Medley's photographing outfit by their heavy orders. It is reported that they wanted several dozen pictures of a certain view.



Pvt. Cole said he saw the remains of the cider keg marooned on the island at upper end of the lake. Yet, we do not believe it was drowned.



Pvt. McKee, an ex-pearl diver, now serves midnight lunch to the guard force.



Friends of "Red" Waxman say "that he whittles a coal pile down better than he does a man's dome."



A new dance tried out on side lines at Monday night dance by three Q. M. Non-Coms. They christened it the "Trio-bucko."



Mr. Cunningham, of the K. of C., had an enjoyable Saturday evening with his troupe of Soldiers and Sailors from Newport News and this post, at the Moose Carnival, with the finis at the Broad Street Station, by doing the "eats" good. Many thanks, Mr. Cunningham!

WITH OUR OWN REPORTER.

Dan Cupid seems to have made a home-ward drive with his little arrow upon another one of our detachment men in C. 31. It's about time Dan was taking a vacation.



Willie, when you dance a girl said you reminded her of a RAINBOW. Why didn't you enlist in the Rainbow Division?



Pvt. Fitzgerald instead of feeding the dog ice cream at the dance the other evening, you should have saved those attentions for your lady friend.



Pvt. Keel is a very good dancer when he dances, but the dance he has to dance has never been danced.



WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY if Bixler re-appears in public with THAT black tie on?



Ezra is now a benedict. "God save the king!"



Beware!!! It is playing havoc in all ranks. The place, the season, n'everything is lovely for the little "bug" to continue its *knot tying*.



Wanted: A team of jacks to pull Cpl. Stauffer around the ball field on the roller. Don't forget your cane, Corporal.



"Major" Pelletier says "with one stroke of the pen he could release an officer from the service."



We don't believe the keg of cider was drowned in the lake, altho Spain said he saw "the ghost of the departed spirit."



Greenberg was not the only man "too full for words" after Sunday's feast, as was seen by the belts that were let out a notch or more.



'Twas a fine speech, Dunning. Don't tire the house next time with such a long one.